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WEEK BY WEEK

2,500 Years Old

CONFUCIUS, whose 2,500th anniversary was celebrated this summer, has had a unique career. He died at the age of sixty-nine, disappointed and comparatively obscure. For two centuries, his influence gained ground gradually, with frequent sneers from more showy thinkers. About two hundred and fifty years after his death, his followers were subjected to determined persecution by the authoritarian "First Emperor". A traditionalist reaction followed, and by about three hundred and fifty years from his death he had become the standard of official orthodoxy. Elaborate philosophies were deduced from his simple sayings. Legends grew up, and he received religious veneration. For over two thousand years China was governed (excellently on the whole) by Confucian scholars. Within living memory, that system has been completely overthrown: Confucian learning no longer admits a man to the governing class; the philosophies are outmoded and the legends discredited: Marx has become the standard of official orthodoxy. Yet still Confucius continues to mould the Chinese character, while he exerts an increasing influence over the minds of Western men. In a recent article in the *Manchester Guardian* Professor Joseph Needham has suggested that he may prove an important reconciling factor between Communist East and Individualist West.

A Triumph of Personality

The secret of Confucius' influence is not obvious at first sight. Apart from legends, all we have of him is little pieces of good advice, which do not seem calculated to make life any easier. He offers no system, no slogans, no tricks. He simply insists that there is no substitute for ordinary every-day goodness, which is the one foundation of human nature and society. That is admirable doctrine, but not immediately attractive: have not we heard it all before? Then, however, as men continue to ponder over these short sayings and scraps of anecdote, they gradually receive the impression of a very distinctive personality—earnest, but humorous, affectionate, but clear-sighted, reticent about religion, but essentially devout. He seems to be speaking not from hearsay but of what he has seen and knows. Men find him trustworthy and attractive, and fall under his spell. This subtle, strong, enduring influence is an illustration of his own doctrine that "strength in personality" is the dominant factor in history.

Fraud, Fancy or Fact?

When a man speaks about religion or morals, his hearers are faced by three alternatives. He may be calling attention to *facts* which he has seen. He may be asking people to share his cherished *fancies*. Or he may be the promoter or victim of a *fraud*. Experience teaches men to beware of frauds, and that they cannot base their lives upon fancies. Sooner or later, therefore, they turn to the realist, the man of facts, who speaks in business-like tones, and looks at life like an engineer examining foundations and drainage. That is our condition today. Men are sick after a debauch of ideologies and propaganda. As they recover their senses, revulsion makes them

distrust even right enthusiasms and natural feelings. When this mood prevails, the influence of men like Confucius can bring people back to their senses and inspire new faith. He detests fine words and grand theories and all manner of pretensions, yet never loses his perception of the basic human values or his trust in them as our God-given guides. Such a spirit restores our sense of religious and moral *fact*.

Spiritual Inflation and Deflation

The alternations of mood, which take place in the spiritual life of mankind, are curiously like a cycle of booms and slumps, or the inflationary and deflationary movements of a currency. They arise from two complementary needs of the soul—the aspiration which would mount up with fervour and conviction, and the humbling necessity of keeping to the ground and learning by experience. They are hard to reconcile, and men oscillate between the two. In seventeenth century England the prophetic earnestness of Puritanism and the mystical and devotional elements in Anglicanism gave an elevated tone to spiritual life; but with this there was also fanaticism, civil war, and horrible witch-burnings. These faults led to a spiritual slump, and to recovery at a less exalted level. Eighteenth century religion has been decried as cold and worldly, but it served the needs of the time: it was sane, neighbourly and ethical; there was a hidden vein of spirituality; its best representatives were profoundly earnest; and it laid the foundations of the Victorian virtues. Our generation is faced by a similar situation. We are at the end of a period of aspirations and inflated hopes. Men need to learn how to come down to earth without crashing. Unitarians have some special qualifications for this task. They have retained a good deal of the eighteenth century. They have always believed in keeping close to facts. And, when hot air was in fashion, they were called "cold".

Behaving Humanly

Inventions like the atom-bomb and biological warfare require us to face facts and behave humanly. The dangers are not novel except in scale. As each ancient invention was discovered—fire, edged tools, potent herbs—men must have dreaded how the misuse of it might destroy the little circle that constituted their "world". Humanity is still haunted by the ghosts of those old fears. But the way of progress lay through accepting normal human risks and getting on with the business of living. In families, and then in cities and nations, men have learnt to practise human virtues, and bear with human faults, and quarrel humanly, without killing. That way still lies open. This has not been a safe world for other people: so why should it be for us? But human nature is not depraved: in spite of faults, its basic rightness is the cause of all human achievements. And it is protected by a providence which, though it permits tragedy, has never suffered goodness to be extinguished.

(The Notes this week are contributed by the Rev. Francis Terry, M.A.)

CLEAVE THE WOOD AND SPLIT THE ATOM

By Leonard Mason, B.A.

"RAISE the stone, and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I", is a favourite text for those who, in their search for God, prefer to explore the wonder and mystery of the created world about them rather than to speculate upon remote and abstract spiritual themes. It is a saying attributed to Jesus in the Oxyrhynchus Papyri; a fragment unearthed from Egyptian sands.

"Raise the stone" and you will find the cray-fish, the beetle, the ant; you will find abundant life, a furtive sub-universe where Nature has exploited with surprising ingenuity a dark, depressed, unfavourable environment. The vesture of God is not only the surface clothing of our world, he has his nether garments too. "Cleave the wood" and you will find the fibre, the grain, the resin, you will uncover the accretions of fifty summers' growth and will inhale the homely scent of liberated odours.

Perhaps the letter-writers in Egypt did not look for the beetle or the fibre when they obeyed the injunction of Jesus, they probably were literalists and turned the stone or cleaved the wood expecting to find the miraculous image of Jesus there. Similar wonders had been reported from other places; indeed, the familiar portraits of Jesus, existing in thousands of reproductions throughout the Christian world, claim to be derived from miraculous originals. But it is not for sacred imagery that we cleave the wood, it is for increasing knowledge of the details of our world, to count the rings and compute the age of the felled oak, to read the record of summers long past, the rainy seasons and the droughts, and to collate them with the geological findings on lake-shore and river-bed. And not for knowledge alone do we uncover the surface of things, but for art and beauty as well. We trim and polish the timber, and caress its grain with eye and hand. We shatter the rough diamond, and with infinite precision fashion its many facets until they gleam with an inward sparkle. Behind all this exploration and craftsmanship there is this belief, that where knowledge, truth and beauty are discovered to reverent minds God is there. "Cleave the wood, and there am I."

By this time the cleavage and the division are much more minute, meticulous and refined, and we may now say: Split the atom and I am there. By present-day cleavage we seem to have pierced the secret core of the physical universe itself, or rather, because there is no core, no central kernel to what we are pleased to call matter, our thought is obliged to coin new words. We reach the inner matrix of things, and discover not the tangible discrete units of our ordinary reckoning, but complex events and processes, fields of energy, and chains of reaction. The mind discovers not a thing but a "becoming-ness" which can best be described by mathematical symbols. It finds disjointed motion and immense potential energy which were they haphazard in their effects, would result in strange productions of form and material, or perhaps even in chaos. But all is subject to an inner restraint, obeying laws of cohesion and association. The world does not assume fantastic forms every other moment, nor release all its energy in a terrific chain-reaction—as well it might—ordering, patterning, restraint remain; and one philosopher-scientist has given the name of God to this principle of orderly restraint laid upon the creative possibilities of the atomic moment. "Split the atom, and there am I."

It is a bewildering concept for religious devotion because we do not conduct our lives, save for the few scientists, within the atomic dimension. Nevertheless, we are girt about and sustained by the effects of atomic energy, and since popular thought assures us that we have entered the Atomic Age, we have to make some religious reckoning with this new dimension.

At this and every moment our world is sustained by the twin process of atomic balance and atomic destruction, our light and heat, upon which we are ultimately dependent, come to us from the sun, an enormous crucible where atoms are being broken down and transmitted to us by radiation in waves of atomic length across the intervening spaces. We see and are warmed, we grow and we think, we reproduce and we

die by operations which are microcosmic. Therefore, when we say in our devotions: Thou great Creator and Sustainer, Thou Great Shaper of human destiny, Thou Inner Impulse to righteousness and progress, we are in fact directing our prayers to a Force and a Motion, a Form and an Order which are at the very heart of physical structure. God deals with atoms and split seconds as we deal with pence and days. Even when we think of the Great Maker ordering the stars in their courses, acting across a million years of light, swinging a thousand million tons of nebulae round an orbit of immense distance and duration, we need to remember that the tremendous forces employed and the staggering speeds maintained are the result of an almost infinite number of tiny impulses from atomic and sub-atomic worlds.

All this knowledge is still too new for us, it has not yet found its poetical imagery nor taken unto itself a vital mythology; but the bare facts are there: God is the very inwardness of creation. Religious thinking has usually taken ascending spirals from the God of earth and altar to the God high and lifted up—Dyaus Pitar, Jupiter, the Shining One who overarches all the firmament. Even spiritual concepts of deity have followed a similar upward curve, from the fugitive intimations contained within human wistfulness right up to the grandiose Supernatural Absolute. Now comes an about-turn; no upward spiral, but an inwards and a downwards penetration.

This inward direction has taken place in our thoughts about the physical universe, it is taking place in our understanding of human nature also; the inward penetration of the mind through what is conscious to that which is called subconscious and unconscious. The human mind used to be thought of as a clean slate upon which events and experiences were registered until it was filled with the handwriting of life; the human mind was thought to be a mirror catching the light, shade, and movement of the world and somehow absorbing them, it was a receptacle of some sort awaiting its filling by external happenings; it was a surface of few dimensions. But now psychologists speak of layer upon layer of mental activity as they penetrate deeper and deeper into the psychic realms; they find the depths not passive but actively informing the conscious levels with their own subliminal desires, ideas, longings, fears and interpretations. Like the sub-atomic world, the subconscious one is rather bewildering, it does not obey the normal laws of association, of cause and effect; there is discontinuity between idea and idea, time and space are indeterminate, and there are within the depths pools of immense emotional energy: chaos, disruption, and dissociation for ever await mismanagement of the mind. The atomic analogy is very pertinent to the human mind; a principle of restraint similar to that which holds atomic constituents to their complex orbits is required for the health and sanity of man's psyche.

In the deep inwardness of the mind good and evil wage their war, conscience is sharpened or lulled, responsibilities are accepted or shirked, maturity is reached or retarded, love is orderly or twisted; all that we associate with the indwelling will, conscience, and voice of God is found in that yet unexplored realm. Most of the mystic visions, much of the paraphernalia of religious occultism are located there. Heaven and Hell are there, and somehow connected with it is the idea, the possibility, and the experience of the soul's immortality.

Truly, by the new reckoning the Kingdom of Heaven is within you. The spiral of contemplation, the everlasting search for the Unknown God, is downwards and inwards. Poet, saint, and seer have often pointed to this new directive and dimension, we now see their vision receiving scientific, rational support. Tennyson seems to have called it the Higher Pantheism, but it is fruitless to label it before it has reached its maturity, far better to be poetic:—

"Speak to Him thou for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

"THE UNITARIAN"

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IT OCCURRED TO ME

By Muriel Hilton

WE WERE talking recently with some friends about those experiences which had given us most joy and satisfaction. One friend said that contrasts gave life an edge and made it exciting. "An hour of relaxation after hard exacting work. Food when one is really hungry, and drink after one has been dry and parched. The satisfaction from a job well done, and coming home after months of exile". And then she added, "That feeling of discovery about something which has puzzled one for years, when suddenly there comes light".

Our artist friend said that a moment's joy in contemplating a picture was worth all the hours of hard work that had gone into its making.

A mother present said that she experienced a deep sense of satisfaction after she had tucked up her children for the night, knowing that all was well with them and that an evening of quiet companionship with her husband was before her.

An elderly woman said that she would never forget the thrilling experience when the open-air school for which she had worked was given to the town. It had been her initiative that had brought the school into being many years before.

"To feel one has changed something that badly needed changing is the best reward of all", she said.

It occurred to me after the friends had gone that they were expressing what religious people have always affirmed—that truth, love, beauty and goodness give value to life and help to make it divinely fair.

Many people have recently read *Death be not Proud* by John Gunther, the story of the writer's son, Johnny, who for fifteen months fought with death with the most amazing courage. Soon after his seventeenth birthday the illness came on suddenly and involved him in a number of long painful operations on his brain, yet he faced his ordeals with undaunted courage. His philosophy, confided secretly in his diary, was, "Accept death with detachment. Take more pleasure in life for its own sake. Live while you're living then die and be done with. Never refuse a challenge. Never give up trying".

It is not often that we read of such courageous dying except in wartime, though parents, doctors, nurses and ministers must often witness such heroic acceptance of suffering and death. We are often surprised at the courage shown by frail elderly folk who tell us quite calmly that they are going into hospital for a major operation, an operation of which the issue is unknown, and who often have to go into one of the large London hospitals away from their friends which is in itself an ordeal. There are infinite possibilities for good and evil in human nature, and when the darker side oppresses us we might think and take heart from the undaunted courage of those who face pain and death without flinching.

It is amusing to find how often experience refutes and destroys the usual ready-made clichés of our day. You often hear it said that people who serve in public institutions or co-operative stores are not so pleasant or considerate as those who serve in private concerns. It is inferred that "a safe job" breeds casual behaviour and that the fear of dismissal is an incentive to good service.

A visitor from London who believed this accompanied me into the local "co-op." the other day and found such a spirit of service and personal good feeling that she remarked that it was like "a family affair". Our local post office gave her the same feeling, and it happened that in all the shops we visited that morning—private concerns as well as public—there was that spirit of personal interest and service. My friend wondered if it was the comparative smallness of a town like Hastings compared with London that made shopping a pleasant and intimate experience. It is true that the anonymity of large cities is a desolating experience for those who have been used to provincial towns, but even so the spirit of service can flourish in large and small, public and private places. It can easily become the Cinderella of the virtues and yet when taken from its lowly and often neglected place it joins high rank with those that add joy to common days.

Life is known at its best in moments of deep awareness. A few fleeting moments of revelation are perhaps all that are given to us and yet they can change our whole outlook on life.

H. G. Wells speaks about his profoundest spiritual experience when he says, "At times in the lonely silence of the night and in rare moments I come upon a sort of communion of myself with something great that is not myself. It is perhaps poverty of mind and language which obliges me to say that this universal scheme takes on the effect of a sympathetic person—and my communion a quality of fearless worship. These moments happen and they are the supreme fact of my religious life to me, they are the crown of my religious experiences".

SHORT VISIT

By Charles M. Kelly, B.A.

THE STRONG sun on the golden sandhills causes a glare, and I look for relief across the bay to where the heavily wooded country gives an edging of green to the pale water. The strain of piercing the heat-haze is too much, and my eyes close and my thoughts wander. I like to think of the land as hostess to her visitor, the sea. Now the land has gone out to meet the sea: soon she will come back, throwing open all her avenues for the pleasure of the old, familiar friend who is coming for a short stay. She seems always to be conscious of the fact that, try as she may, she can never tempt the sea to stay for long; and she shows her willingness to abide by the sea's wish by keeping her gates open.

Now the hostess is coming back to her home closely followed by the visitor who ripples smoothly along. I pretend not to hear the land's pressing invitation to the sea to stay for a time, and feel a sadness as the tide recedes, murmuring its thanks for such a lovely welcome. The land goes to see the waters safely off and the trees wave their farewell from her doorstep. She smiles, and tears of happiness glisten on her cheeks; she bids the pebble escorts go with the guest and off they rumble, merrily jostling each other in their play. Long before they reach their outposts where they must remain waiting to escort the sea on her next visit they grow tired of leaping, and show their reluctance at leaving their bigger companions, in whose company they can stay for only a short time.

The sea is insistent that they do their duty and returns for them when they lag behind. As the land's tears dry she looks at the holes which mark the places of presents which she has given to her departing guest. Each time the sea calls out to the escort pebbles, the land seems half fearful lest she is returning for some present she desired but hesitated to take. The trees sigh and resignedly shrug their shoulders, knowing that the sea has only to wish for what she wants and it will be ready for her on her next visit. Now the land is laughing again and already seems to stand on tip-toe to catch the first glimpse of her guest's return and—to look over her treasures, and wonder what she will give as a peace-offering to her never-satisfied and temperamental visitor. The trees, seeing her foolish kindness, nod to each other and lean landwards as if they wished to be gone out of the sea's reach. They have noticed how the waters caressed the soil about their roots, picking up stones only to drop them again, with that air which plainly said that they would take them another time when they had less to carry. Heedless of their warning the land looks around, as if thinking of putting her house in order for the next hasty call . . . but never with a thought of hiding out of sight of the sea even her precious metals.

Realising how useless it is for them to advise or suggest a sterner front, the trees stop their nodding and stand gracefully erect again while their roots do their best to hold firmly to as much as they can. Perhaps, since they are taller, they have caught sight of the sea returning on another begging visit. The land has placed the sea's last gift . . . a half-eaten fish . . . on a little pedestal and set a boulder to guard it, trying to impress upon the sea the pleasure such a gift has given her. In dignified pity the trees try not to look at the paltry thing and hope for their own sake, and for the land's, that the sea will not be offended. The thought of her anger sends a tremble through them, but they hide it in a sweeping bow. The sea is coming back again.

"BY A WAY I KNEW NOT"

By Doris Randall

FOR SOME years I had felt the need of a church, but unable to accept the tenets of orthodox religion had drifted aimlessly, picking up knowledge haphazardly, sifting, rejecting—rejecting so much in scepticism that nothing was left except bewilderment and an empty feeling that perhaps this searching was to be fruitless and not worth the trouble anyway. And yet, without quite knowing why, I knew religion to be life itself. In childhood and on through adolescence I had been deeply impressed by those people from whose personality radiated "the peace which passeth all understanding". That peace had a power which I wanted with a selfish, possessive desire that could be overwhelming.

In 1940 I entered a Unitarian church for the first time, and let me emphasise, not with any intention of becoming a Unitarian. I had had enough of the constraints of authoritarian religion which I could not relate to everyday life and I was, moreover, highly critical of the many sects which were so intolerant of one another—or so they seemed to me then. I am not sure why I went to our church at Bournemouth except that a friend had called me a Unitarian during a warm argument about Christian teaching. He did not use the term in any derogatory sense, but I felt his disapproval and the rebel in me wanted to know why there should have been disapproval. Of several visits to Bournemouth I recall clearly only the minister's condemnation of Unitarians who would not send their children to Sunday School and the challenge he threw out in a quiet but so determined voice. Then, I was not in agreement with that minister's views and I smile now because time has changed the opinions I held nine years ago.

When this church was partially repaired in the following year I attended the reopening and from the moving sincerity of that morning service I carried away with me two vivid impressions. Firstly, the words above this pulpit—"God is Love". That I already knew to be true without any shadow of doubt. And secondly, for the first time in my life I saw a woman in the pulpit—and that also I approved.

The high integrity of those Unitarians—and one in particular—with whom I was to come in contact, later attracted me to their faith, but the old doubts and prejudices concerning church groups were deep rooted and progress was slow. Following upon a difficult and stormy struggle the time came when I began to think more clearly and was able to break through the tangled mass which had barred my way.

For the teaching received within these four walls I shall ever be grateful. The joy which came with the full realisation that in this liberal religion I had at last found freedom was exhilarating and warm and comforting—like a home. How many, I wonder, are missing this home because they have not heard of it, as I had not?

Those of you who were brought up in the Unitarian faith sometimes overlook the wonderful heritage which has been handed down to you. It is a grievous thing that so many of your children do not seem to follow in this way of freedom which was fought for so fiercely by departed generations.

Last year I met a Dutch girl of my own age who belonged to what she called a "Free Community" in Amsterdam. This fellowship practised a liberal religion, as we do, and many young people belonged to it. The ages of these young people ranged from fourteen years onwards, but to my eager questions concerning an equivalent of our Sunday Schools I was astounded to receive the reply that there was none. When I demanded "Why?" back came the answer that their religion was too difficult for children to understand. And there flashed through my mind the inflexion of voice and similar words I had heard at Bournemouth in 1940.

What a pity that my Dutch friend should think that religion is a matter of mental exercise on the great thoughts and writings of the sages. Undoubtedly they help us a great deal, especially when we try to give practical expression to our deeper religious feelings, but the more I think about and have experience of life the more I feel that true religion is of utter simplicity—and if a child cannot understand it something is surely wrong somewhere. Simplicity should be the keynote in teaching our children, but we must raise them

gently and carefully, lest dogmatic assertions about this and that crush our natural inclinations to think along new and as yet untrodden paths.

If we really cherish the freedom of our religion we must pass it down to succeeding generations as did our forbears. In former times they lit one beacon after another on the hill-tops and frequently with the cost of life itself. Now, because of their courage and faith we worship as our conscience dictates. They preserved for us this precious freedom, which can never be complete freedom, because it attracts like a magnet the ever present bondage of God's love that closes round us, strengthening and comforting when weariness seems too great for human endurance. We worship then in freedom, as best our human understanding will allow, and if that worship be in error, because we are not yet grown to full stature, there can be no fear. God is Creator and therefore Love. He gave life in trust that we learn of him.

One lesson most of us do learn and deeply—and often with an aching heart—we shall reap as we sow. Not one of us can escape the responsibility of our thoughts and actions. We know that love, given adequate sustenance, grows ever wider and stronger, but how often do we remember that the opposite is also true? The evil we do our neighbour is evil done to God for He loves his Creation.

We cannot know His purpose in placing us on this earth. It is certain that if there be a future life on a higher plane—and I believe that there must be a future life—to be fitted for that higher plane we must learn first the discipline of this life. Discipline has been so much abused of recent years that its value is sometimes insufficiently recognised. So much depends, of course, upon the power exercising the discipline. We owe allegiance to one power only—that which comes from God—and through this power we learn of self discipline which in this life is rarely the flawless gem it might be. And through self discipline we discover that the more we learn to grow out of self to the larger life beyond self, so greater becomes the serenity and peace which passeth all understanding and sweeter the harmony of communion with the wondrous power which controls the universe.

The vastness of the laws of the universe may stagger the finite minds of us humans, but in our progressive faith of freedom God will reveal to us as much of Absolute Truth as we are capable of understanding, and the more our capacity to receive the Truth is increased, the stronger will become the bond of His inexorable love.

This One and Only God, the awe-inspiring source of all Truth, Beauty and Goodness, is beyond my comprehension, blinding and dazzling a limited earthly vision. But distantly in dreams have I glimpsed the inner shrine and in the swelling harmonies of great music I have heard his voice. May my heart and mind be open and receptive always, to what was once described from this pulpit as "the inflowing spirit of God".

PRAYER AT CLOSING

I HAVE put my hands to many things, and have withdrawn them. I have withdrawn them from the things that matter, the beautiful, rather than from the trivial and the unlovely. I have seen the heights but I have not scaled them; I have felt repugnance for the depths, but have remained there. I have in hot youth and in maturity of insolence thought the path to perfection no more difficult to tread than the sloping, smooth way of spiritual descent. I come to Thee, now, towards the ending, Krishna having failed.

And Krishna answers me, not with reproach but infinite compassion, knowing how difficult it is for man: "If in all else thy sad heart fails, bring Me thy failure".

I have not always come before Thee, naked, head bowed in deep humility. I have been more times wounded in my vanity than by my love. I have envied more than I have admired. I have forgiven the penitent but had no patience with the incorrigible and the proud. My lack of love has smeared my best work with an inflated egotism, with self-centred fury. Now, my heart moves in slow motion; my hands are empty. Krishna replies: "Fly to Me alone for refuge. Sorrow not; I will deliver thee from all sin".

The quotations are from "The Bhagavad Gita".

Ernest V. Hayes.

CORRESPONDENCE

Letters should be addressed to the Editor, "The Inquirer", 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. They should not in general exceed three to four hundred words in length.

NEW RELATIONS IN INDUSTRY

SIR,—I have read with interest and a considerable measure of disagreement the article on "New Relations in Industry", by Stephen W. Smith, in the September 10 issue of THE INQUIRER. I only wish I had the time to take up some of the points he makes but he is in effect raising such wide issues that I doubt whether full justice could be done to all his points in an article in reply.

It seems to me that one of the points underlying his article is the assertion in the latter part as follows: "In place then, of the wage system, with its higher status for the money interest and its wielders in industry and its lower status for the labour interest and its economically dependent wage and salary receivers, let us have an industrial fellowship, in true partnership—no doubt with graded duties and responsibilities but with no invidious gradations in fundamental status".

The question that I ask myself is whether the wage system is such a satanic and horrible thing as Mr. Smith makes out or whether it is not rather an inescapable but useful device which can never be divorced from life in modern civilisation. I have a pretty strong feeling that, if we were able to get away from the wage system in some magical way, we would not only still have left behind many residual problems but the possibility others would arise of even greater complexity.

My purpose in writing to you is to make the point that it would be exceedingly interesting in further articles on Social Service if readers of THE INQUIRER could see a little more consideration given to the so-called evils of the wage system and possible alternatives.

—Yours,

Colin S. Dence.

UNITARIAN ACTION FOR PEACE

SIR,—What has happened to the resolution passed at this year's General Assembly in support of the Crusade for World Government? Dropped in a drawer? Filed with other papers on a dark shelf? Forgotten?

What is the Unitarian Church as a whole going to do to bring peace to our war-weary world? Although a feeble voice, in the form of a resolution, may rise occasionally from the pile of dead bones, it soon dies on the wind of current political events.

It is pathetic that a religious body, famous in the last century for its pioneer work at the fore-front of social and humanitarian movements, should now so allow itself to vegetate and to trade on a reputation acquired a hundred years ago, that it is incapable of making swift and far-reaching decisions, resulting in definite, constructive action, on the vital question of peace and war.

If Unitarians can get so enthusiastic about the problem of training colleges for the ministry, can they not spare the energy, which it seems they still have, for our biggest problem, the problem of the survival of the human race? It is now that Unitarians must decide.

We have a noble heritage, but that heritage can only be preserved by the Unitarians of today having the courage and initiative to build up something themselves by which they may be remembered in years to come. Instead of "holding the fort" let us face the future.

Is there any possible way in which action-and-study groups could be set up among those congregations who have enough vision to see that peace does not come by accident, but is something built with "blood, sweat and tears", and even greater amount of all three than was demanded in war?

I am writing this with no pet theory in mind, but only because I want to live, and because I know that I dare not claim the right of life unless I also accept the responsibility of making life possible and bearable, for those who come after me. The reality behind the words "world peace" and "human brotherhood", so long in the vocabulary of humanitarians and idealists, has now become not only desirable but necessary for survival. Not only the preachers, but scientists, economists and statesmen, men such as Professor Einstein and Professor Harold Urey, Lord Boyd Orr and Lord Beveridge, have come to the conclusion that we must federate—or perish.

This is not a cry from the wilderness, but one expression of a need which is rising now from the hearts of all those who love life and who see that uncontrolled national sovereignty was, is, and always will be incompatible with world peace.—Yours,

Sheila Webster,

Co-ordinating Sec., World Student Federalists in Britain.

ROME OR MOSCOW?

SIR,—The Rev. G. Randall Jones raises the question "Rome or Moscow?" Unenviable choice for a Unitarian! He admits that there are men inspired by high motives among both forms of totalitarianism; liberal men among the Roman Catholics and "men animated by deep Christian convictions" among the Communists. Are not these men our brothers-at-arms? How then, can we throw our weight into the struggle on one side or the other? This does not imply a neutral attitude towards the struggle between good and evil. Our attitude is a positive one; one of conviction in the faith for which our forefathers struggled so bravely and in the work of spreading ideas of toleration and social justice.

Will Rome indeed learn tolerance through persecution? Did the persecutions of "Bloody" Mary make her Protestant successors more tolerant? Have the former sufferings of the men of the Kremlin made them any more tolerant? Finally, has not Unitarianism something positive to offer to a troubled world?

These are questions whose answers we must seek in deep sincerity.

—Yours,

Irene Burstow.

"THOUGHT AND IMMORTALITY"

SIR,—Mr. Crabtree tries to infer that I derided belief in immortality.

Such an inference is a complete misrepresentation. I merely tried to point out that in my opinion, immortality is to be found in the transcendence of physical time and sense, rather than in ideas of "survival" which imply the eternal perpetuation of them.—Yours,

Scarborough.

H. W. Kemshall.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ACTING ED.]

INVITATIONS

SIR,—Please will you permit me to use your columns to appeal to ministers and members of our congregations to send me the names and addresses of anyone they know coming up to the University in October.—Yours,

Cambridge.

H. Stewart Carter.

SIR,—May we seek the courtesy of your columns to invite any Unitarian students who may be coming up to the University of Bristol this session to communicate with either of us, or to make themselves known at one or other of our Churches, where they will receive a cordial welcome.—Yours,

J. H. Coram Davies, Lewins Mead Meeting, Bristol 1.
Charles Easton, Oakfield Road Church, Clifton, Bristol 8.

MIRACLES TO MODERN EYES

By Charles Easton

IT TAKES modern eyes to appreciate the miracles wherein God is made manifest. It needs modern minds, aware of the unbreakable laws of nature, to interpret the Divine wonders that the telescope and the microscope reveal. Only to the sensitive soul, heir of the beautiful thoughts of the ages is it given to enter into the true meaning of miracles.

All this may sound a little strange to those who are accustomed to think of miracles as stumbling blocks to the modern mind in search of religion. Many people today feel obliged to reject Christianity because they cannot believe in the miracles of the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection by which its truth is supposedly attested. When they read the Gospels, they are perplexed by the miraculous trappings and trimmings with which the records of Jesus are adorned. The ancient miracles come between them and the truth of God.

Men and women of the Free Faith find the assurance of their spiritual interpretation of life, in the miracles displayed to every glance. We recognise that God is made manifest in the orderly working of nature, and in the common beauties with which we are every day surrounded. We find God's wonders everywhere. That indeed is the real meaning of the word miracle. It derives from the Latin which means wonder. We are every day surrounded by innumerable things at which to wonder. G. K. Chesterton truly said: "The world will never starve for want of wonders, but only for want of wonder". Wherever we turn our eyes and our thoughts, miracles of the glory of God await us. We can say with Walt Whitman:

To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle.

Every inch of space is a miracle.

Every spear of grass.

The stars spinning in the immensities of silent space, the long rich pageant of life, the character of our will and our consciousness, our affections and our heroisms, all these singly or together may rouse in us the ancient cry: "Here is the hand of God. Behold! a wonder! a miracle!"

Above all, is there any greater wonder than to realise the stupendous fact of one's own life? To be alive, actually existing; to have emerged from the darkness and the silence; to be here today, thinking! Well did Montaigne say: "I have never seen a greater miracle in the world than myself".

How little are the ancient miracle stories before the actual daily wonders, the present ever living wonders of God!

We pray no more made lowly wise,

For miracle and sign,

Anoint our eyes to see within

The common the Divine.

THE INQUIRER

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NEWS REVIEW

Denton.—The Induction of the Rev. J. Gill took place in Wilton Street Chapel, Denton, on Saturday, September 3, at 3 p.m. The Induction Service was conducted by the Rev. C. P. Scott, of Ashton-under-Lyne. The Charge to the Minister was given by the Rev. F. Cottier, and the Charge to the congregation by Principal the Rev. R. V. Holt, M.A., B.Litt. Mr. J. A. Shepley, Chairman of the Congregation, welcomed Mr. Gill on behalf of the congregation worshipping in Wilton Street Chapel. The Rev. J. Gill responded, closing the sermon with a prayer of dedication.

The Evening Meeting of Welcome to the Rev. and Mrs. J. Gill was attended by representatives from E.C.C.U., Ministers' Fraternals, E.C.L.P.U., N.C.S.S.U., Women's League, as well as officials of the congregation and Sunday School.

ROBERT WEIR DAVIDSON

The sudden passing of the Rev. R. W. Davidson, on September 14, while on holiday in North Wales, was a great shock to his friends in the north of England. After a ministry of 11 years in West Kirby, during part of which he had also had charge of our church at Birkenhead and taken an active part in all the affairs of the District Association, he had recently settled at Hindley. There, under his guidance, great preparations were being made for the commemoration of their 250th anniversary in the early spring of next year, and now he has been taken swiftly and suddenly in the midst of the years. He was a minister of great kindness of heart, devoted to the pastoral office of the ministry and a staunch believer in the efficacy of quiet and faithful work as a shepherd of the flock. He carried in his faithful grasp a torch which no disloyalty had hidden, no carelessness had dimmed, no storms had quenched.

The Funeral Service was held at the Crematorium in Birkenhead and was conducted by the Rev. Lawrence Redfern.

There were present representatives of Merseyside churches, ministers and laity, and of the church at Hindley, where he had recently settled.

The heartfelt sympathy of many friends goes out to Mrs. Davidson in her loss and sorrow. He has fallen too early in the fight and at a time when every man is needed, and our loss is great. L.R.

LUCY LOWELL

By the death of Miss Lucy Lowell, in August, in her 89th year, in Boston, U.S.A., the Unitarian world, not only in America, but here also, has lost a very loyal staunch supporter and friend. Her keen intellect and wise judgment were recognised and appreciated by the American Unitarian Association as well as by the Women's Alliance, of which she was for some years President. She bore, of course, a name held in high honour in New England and she carried on the fine traditions of her family in her own life and character. She was keenly interested in world politics and was very much disappointed that her country did not take its place in the League of Nations. She had a great affection for this country where she was for many years a regular summer visitor, and there must be very few spots of historic interest and natural beauty here which she has not some time visited. She sometimes arrived in time to attend our "British and Foreign" and later, our General Assembly meetings. She usually stayed at a quiet hotel near the National Gallery and there she loved to entertain her Unitarian friends. She took a generous interest in the Women's League Hostel.

One of her American friends writes, "We have been privileged to know a wonderful woman in the one and only Lucy Lowell, loyal Unitarian, true Christian, a friend to all good causes, of keen mind, warm heart and so much more we can never express". E.R.L.

Dr. Frederick T. Wood has added another interesting book to the series of anthologies he has been collecting for schools. *The Schoolboy in Fiction* (Macmillan 3s. 6d.) should prove exciting—particularly in school-time—to the schoolboy in fact. The thirteen extracts from thirteen different books should serve as an inducement to the boy to go to the book itself.

Up to a hundred years ago "so far as the majority of writers were concerned", comments Dr. Wood, "the child might never have existed". What a revolution of civilisation lies in that fact.

Dr. Wood is the chairman of the Sheffield Upper Chapel congregation.

CALENDAR

SUNDAY, September 25th

ABERDARE, Highland Place, 11, Supply, 6, Rev. D. JACOB DAVIS.
 ABERDEEN, Un. Church, Skene St., 11 and 6, Rev. L. BAKER SHORT.
 ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11, Mr. CARRELLIO MORGAN.
 ACCRINGTON, Unitarian Free Church, Oxford St., 10.45 and 6, Supply.
 AINSWORTH, Un. Chapel, Knowsley Rd., 11 and 3, Supply.
 ALTRINCHAM, Dunham Road Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Supply.
 ANSDILL. (See Lytham St. Annes.)
 ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, Richmond St., 6.30, Rev. C. P. SCOTT.
 ASTLEY, Unitarian Chapel, Manchester Rd., 11 and 6.30, Mr. J. MATHER.
 BATH, Trim Street Chapel, Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. WIARD.
 BELFAST, All Souls, Elmwood Av., 11.30 and 7, Rev. Dr. A. L. AGNEW.
 BELFAST, First Church, Rosemary Street, 11.30 and 7, Rev. Dr. R. WILDE.
 BESSELS GREEN (nr. Sevenoaks), Unitarian Ch., 11, Mr. COLIN S. DENCE.
 BILLINGSHURST, Free Church, South St., 11.15, Closed for repairs.
 BIRKENHEAD, Unitarian Ch., Bessborough Rd., 6.30, Rev. EDGAR HILL.
 BIRMINGHAM, Ch. of Messiah, Broad Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GORDON STUART.
 BIRMINGHAM, Moseley, Unitarian Church, Yardley Wood Rd., 6.30, Mr. H. LENNARD.
 BIRMINGHAM, Waverley Road Church and Hurst Street Mission, Small Heath, 6.30, Rev. W. T. WILKINS. Harvest Festival.
 BLACKBURN, Unitarian Church, St. Andrews St., 6.30, Supply.
 BLACKPOOL, North Shore, Dickson Rd., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK COLEMAN.
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore, Lytham Rd., 11 and 6.30, Supply.
 BOLTON, Bank St., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. IAN L. TOSELAND.
 BOLTON, Halliwell Rd., Free Ch., 2.30 and 6.30, Mr. IRWIN HODGSON.
 BOLTON, Unity Church, Deane Rd., 10.30 and 6.30, Supply.
 BOSTON (Lincoln), Spain Lane, Unitarian Ch., 6.30, Rev. CHAS. SIMPSON.
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Ch., West Hill Rd., 11, Rev. E. G. LEE.
 BRADFORD, Broadway Av., 3.15 and 6.30, Mrs. C. PHILIPSON.
 BRADFORD, Town Hall Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK BULLOCK.
 BRIDGWATER, Christ Church, Dampier St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. G. TOPPING.
 BRIDPORT, Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. G. RANDALL JONES, 6.30, Mrs. M. R. DICKIN.
 BRIGHTON, Christ Ch., Unitarian, New Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. M. RYDE.
 BRISTOL, Lewin's Mead Meeting, 6.30, Rev. J. H. CORAM DAVIES.
 BRISTOL, Oakfield Rd., Clifton, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES EASTON.
 BURNLEY, Unitarian Church, Trafalgar St., 2.30 and 6, Rev. F. SOKELL.
 BURY, Bank St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. HARRY SMITH.
 BURY, Chesham Unitarian Church, 6.30, Mr. SCOTT L. JOHNSON.
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Churchgate Street Chapel, 6.30, Mr. E. HATCHER.
 BUXTON, Harington Rd., 11 and 6.30, Miss M. AULT.
 CAMBRIDGE, Memorial Ch., Emmanuel Rd., 11 and 6, Rev. STEWART CARTER.
 CARDIFF, The West Grove Un. Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ERIC PUTIN.
 CARLISLE, Unitarian Church, Lorne St., 2.30, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. W. J. CARTER.
 CHATHAM, Unitarian Church, Hamond Hill.
 CHELTENHAM, Bayshill Unitarian Church, 11, Study Service, 6.30, Rev. BARBARA THOMAS.
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Ch., 11 and 6.30, Rev. R. H. WILLIAMSON.
 CHESTERFIELD, Elder Yard Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. STANLEY PETERS.
 CHWENTZ CHAPEL, Atherton, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. GLYN EVANS.
 COKE, Prince's St., 11.30 and (occ.), 7, Rev. W. A. WEATHERALL.
 COSELEY, Staffs., Old Meeting House, Old Meeting Rd., 11 and 6.30, Supply.
 COVENTRY, New Great Meeting House, Holyhead Rd., 11 (Children's Church), 6.30, Rev. T. J. JONES.
 CREWE, Free Christian Church, Beech St., 6.30, Supply.
 CREWEKEENE, Un. Ch., Hermitage St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. FRANCES TERRY.
 CROYDON, Free Christian Church, Wellesley Rd., 11, Mrs. E. SAVAGE.
 DEAN ROW, 10.45, Dr. ALFRED HALL. STVAL, 6.30, Rev. ELSPETH VALLANCE.
 DENTON, Wilton Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN GELL.
 DERRY, Friar Gate Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. Dr. STEPHEN SPINKS.
 DITCHLING, Old Meeting House, 10.45, Miss H. K. WATTS.
 DONCASTER, Free Christian Church Hall Gate, 11, Rev. G. W. PARKINSON, 6.30, Mr. T. H. MOORE.
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green, West, 11.30 and 7.30, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS.
 DUDLEY, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. T. WILKINS.
 DUKENFIELD, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. S. P. WHITEHOUSE.
 DUNDEE, Un. Ch., Constitution Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALBERT WHITFORD.
 EDINBURGH, St. Mark's Church, Castle Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. R. TAVENER.
 EVERHAM, Oak Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Supply.
 EXETER, George's Chapel, South St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. B. FRASER.
 GAINSBOROUGH, Unitarian Ch., Trinity St., 6, Rev. WM. CLARK-Lewis.
 GEE CROSS, Hyde Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Supply.
 GLASGOW, St. Vincent St. Un. Ch., 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER REID.
 GLOSSOP, Fiddian St., 2.30 and 6.30, Supply.
 GLOUCESTER, Barton Street Church, 6.30, Rev. B. L. GOLLAND.
 GOSWOLD, Meadow Chapel, 6.30, Rev. G. MARIE BRAMES.
 GUILDFORD, Ward Street Church, 11.15, Supply.
 HALE CHAPEL, Hale Barns, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. A. LEHR.
 HALIFAX, Northgate End, 10.45 and 6.30, Supply.

- HASTINGS, Free Chris. Ch., South Terrace, 11, Mr. D. B. SCEATS, 6.30, Rev. H. W. STEPHENSON.
- HINCKLEY, Gt. Mt., Baines Lane, 11 and 6, Rev. C. H. BARTLETT.
- HINDLEY, Presbyterian Church, off Market St., 10.45 and 6.30, Supply.
- HOLLYWOOD, Kingswood, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. MAGUIRE.
- HORSHAM, Worthing Rd., 6.30, Rev. J. MARTIN HALL.
- HORWICH, Unitarian Free Church, 10.30 and 6.30, Supply.
- HUDDERSFIELD, Fitzwilliam St., 11, Rev. DUDLEY RICHARDS.
- HUNSLET, Unitarian Church, Joseph St., 6.30, Mr. A. G. WHITTAKER.
- HULL, Park Street Church (Unitarian), 11, School Service, 6.30, Rev. RALPH PHILIPSON.
- ILMINSTER, Old Meeting, East St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. BEER.
- IPSWICH, Unitarian Ch., Friars St., 11, Rev. HAROLD GORE.
- KENDAL, Market Place Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. DEAKIN.
- KIDDERMINSTER, New Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. WHITAKER.
- KNUTSFORD, Brook St. Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. STANLEY MOSSOP.
- LANCASTER, St. Nicholas Street Church, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. L. HALL.
- LEEDS, Mill Hill Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. H. SHIRVELL PRICE.
- LEICESTER, Narborough Rd., 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Mrs. L. A. WILLIAMS.
- LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. LEONARD MASON.
- LEIGH, Unitarian Church, Twist Lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. PIPKIN.
- LEITCHWORTH, Vasantia Hall, Gernon Walk, 6.30, Miss C. HINER.
- LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11, Rev. H. W. STEPHENSON.
- LINCOLN, High St., Unitarian Church, 6.30, Mr. MAITLAND.
- LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. A. GARRARD.
- LIVERPOOL, Bootle Free Church, 6.30, Supply.
- LIVERPOOL, Domestic Mission, Mill St., 6.30, Rev. J. KEIR MURREN.
- LIVERPOOL, Gateacre Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. DUNCAN P. STEWART.
- LIVERPOOL, Hamilton Rd., Everton, 6.30, Supply.
- LIVERPOOL, Hope St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. SIDNEY SPENCER.
- LIVERPOOL, Ullet Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. W. VALLANCE.
- LONDON, Bell St., Edgware Rd., 6, Rev. WALTER LONG.
- LONDON, Blackfriars Mission and Stamford Street Church, 6.30, Rev. A. J. LONG.
- LONDON, Brixton, Effra Rd., 11, Rev. ARTHUR PEACOCK.
- LONDON, Essex Church, Palace Gardens Terrace, W.8, 11, Rev. JOHN BALLANTYNE.
- LONDON, Forest Gate, Upton Lane, 6.30, Rev. JOHN KIELTY. Harvest Festival.
- LONDON, Golders Green, Hoop Lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN CROFT.
- LONDON, Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham Place, 6.30, Rev. MAGNUS RATTER.
- LONDON, Hampstead, Rosslyn Hill, 11, Rev. G. E. HALE.
- LONDON, Highgate Hill, Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. MAGNUS RATTER.
- LONDON, Ilford, High Rd., 6.30, Rev. ARTHUR PEACOCK.
- LONDON, Islington, Unity Church, Upper St., Preston Hall, 7, Rev. J. HINKINS.
- LONDON, Kilburn, Unitarian Chr. Ch., Quex Rd., 11 Mr. V. FOX.
- LONDON, Lewisham, Un. Ch., High St., 11, Rev. R. W. SORESEN.
- LONDON, Leytonstone, Lea Bridge Rd., Knotts Green, 6.30, Miss M. GRIFFITHS.
- LONDON, Mansford St. Ch., Bethnal Green, 6.30, Rev. J. W. DUMBLE.
- LONDON, Newington Green, Unitarian Ch., 6.30, Mr. J. REECE WALKER.
- LONDON, Richmond Free Church, Ormond Rd., 11, U.Y.P.L. Service, London Region.
- LONDON, Rhyll St., Kenish Town, 6.30, Rev. GORDON BEVERLEY.
- LONDON, Stratford, West Ham Lane, Unitarian Church, 11.30, Children's Church, 6.30, Rev. W. NEWTON.
- LONDON, Theistic Ch., 18 Great Marlborough St., W.1, 11, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
- LONDON, Wandsworth, Un. Church, East Hill, 11, Rev. W. M. LONG.
- LONDON, Welsh Unitarian Church, at Highgate Hill Unitarian Church, 6, 1st and 3rd Sundays. Oct. 2, Rev. T. OSWALD WILLIAMS.
- LONDON, Wood Green, Unity Church, Newham Rd., 6.30, Mr. A. R. JOHNS.
- LOUGHBOROUGH, Victoria St., 6.30, Rev. E. G. GREEN. Harvest Festival.
- LYTHAM ST. ANNES (ANSDALL), Unitarian Church, Channing Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. CRANTREE.
- MACLESFIELD, King Edward St., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. D. EVANS. Harvest Festival.
- MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Ch., Market Buildings, 6.30, Rev. WILL HAYES.
- MANCHESTER, Unitarian Church, Chapel Lane, Blackley, 10.45, Rev. K. SHEPHERD, 6.30, Rev. F. KENWORTHY.
- MANCHESTER, Cross St. Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. P. S. HEALE.
- MANCHESTER, Fallowfield, Dob Lane Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Supply.
- MANCHESTER, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Rd., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. COTTER.
- MANCHESTER, Longlight Free Chr. Church, Birch Lane, 10.45 and 6.30, Supply.
- MANCHESTER, Mill Street Free Church, Bradford, 3, Mr. R. S. SALT.
- MANCHESTER, Monken Ch., Eccles, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. GORDON CLARKE.
- MANCHESTER, Pendleton, Un. Ch., Cross Lane, 6.30, Mr. J. EDIE.
- MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, Radcliffe, 6.30, Rev. C. A. PAPER.
- MANCHESTER, Sand Chapel, Whitefield, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. G. D. FOOTE.
- MANCHESTER, Wilkenham Road, Chorlton-Cum-Hardy, 6.30, Rev. GRACE MERRITT.
- MANCHESTER, Wythenshawe, Un. Church, Browley Rd., Benchill, 6.30, Rev. ERIC PHILLIPS.
- MANFIELD, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH TWEED.
- MEDNOROUGH, Free Christian Ch., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. A. DAVIS.
- MIDDLEBROUGH, Christ Church, Unitarian, Corporation Rd., 6.15, Rev. R. I. PRITCHARD.
- MIMMSFORD, Old Road Chapel, 6, Rev. J. EVANS.
- MORECAMBE, see Lancaster.
- MORETONHAMPSTEAD, Cross Chapel, 3, Rev. C. G. TOONE.
- MOSSLEY, Christian Church, Stamford Rd., 10.45 and 6, Rev. W. WADDINGTON.
- NANTWICH, Old Chapel, 6, Mr. E. WILD, u/c Manchester. Harvest Service.
- NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, The Church of the Divine Unity, Ellison Place, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. BARNES.
- NEWCASTLE, Staffs., Unitarian Old Meeting House, 6.30, Rev. W. J. MCELDOWNEY.
- NEWCHURCH (Rossendale), Bethlehem Unitarian Church, 2.45 and 6, Rev. H. F. LARKIN. Harvest Festival.
- NEWPORT, L.O.W., Un. Ch., High St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. CHANDLER.
- NEWTON ABBOT, Albany St., 6.30, Rev. C. G. TOONE.
- NORATHMPTON, Kettering Road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. MOBBS.
- NORWICH, Octagon Chapel, Colegate, 11, Rev. J. A. KENNEDY.
- NOTTINGHAM, High Pavement Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. GORDON BOLAM.
- OLDHAM, Lord Street Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. WADDINGTON.
- OXFORD, Manchester College Chapel, 11.30, —.
- PARK LANE CHAPEL, near Wigan, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. DEAKIN.
- PADIHAM, Nazareth Un. Ch., Knight's Hill, 10.30 and 6, Supply.
- PLYMOUTH, Unitarian Centre, Houndiscombe Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. KEESLEY.
- POOLE, Unitarian Church, Hill St., 6.30, Rev. F. MUNFORD.
- PORTSMOUTH, Friends' Meeting House, Fratton Bridge, 6.30, Mr. STURGES.
- PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church St., 6.30, Rev. ALUN WILLIAMS.
- PUDSEY, Un. Church, 10.30 and 6, Rev. T. BRETT DAVIES.
- RAWTENSTALL, Unitarian Ch., Bank St., 2.45 and 6, Rev. BENJAMIN GILL.
- RINGWOOD, Hants., The Meeting House, 1st, 3rd and 5th Sundays, 11, 2nd and 4th Sundays, 6.30, Rev. Dr. J. C. FLOWER.
- ROTHERHAM, Church of Our Father, 10.30 and 6.30, Supply.
- ROCHDALE, Blackwater St., 10.30 and 6, Rev. E. D. DAVIES.
- SALE, Atkinson Rd., 11, Rev. C. A. PIPER.
- SCARBOROUGH, Un. Ch., Westborough, 10.30, Rev. H. W. KEMSHALL. Harvest Festival.
- SHEFFIELD, Unity Church, Crookesmoor Rd., 11, Mr. J. WOODHOUSE, 6.30, Mr. J. FAIRHURST.
- SHEFFIELD, Fulwood Old Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. T. EVANS. Harvest Services.
- SHEFFIELD (Attercliffe), 6.30, Rev. G. W. PARKINSON.
- SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. S. WHITBY.
- SHERWSBURY, High St., Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. H. LEWIS.
- SIDMOUTH, High St., Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. J. G. GRIEVE.
- SOUTHAMPTON, Friends Meeting House, Ordnance Rd., 6.30, Rev. H. J. ROSSINGTON.
- SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, Darnley Road, 11, Children's Church, 6.30, Mrs. FENNER, Women's League Service.
- SOUTHPORT, Portland Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. H. BIRTLES.
- STALYBRIDGE, Un. Ch., Canal St., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. D. EVANS.
- ST. HELENS, Boundary Rd., St. Helen Workshops for the Blind, 6.30, Supply.
- STOCKPORT, Un. Ch., St. Peter's Gate, 10.30 and 6.30, Supply.
- STOCKTON-ON-TYES, Wellington St., 6.30, Rev. A. J. MARTIN.
- STOURBRIDGE, Presbyterian (Unitarian) Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ROSALIND LEE.
- SUNDERLAND, Bridge St., 11, Family Worship, 6.30, Mr. F. J. HAMBLIN.
- SWANSEA, Unitarian Church, High Street, 6.30, Rev. BASIL VINEY.
- Christian Meeting House, Pennard, 11, Rev. BASIL VINEY.
- SWINTON, Swinton Hall Rd., 10.45 and 6.30, Supply.
- TAUNTON, Mary Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN UNSWORTH.
- TAVERSTOCK, The Abbey Chapel, 6.30, Rev. ROSAMOND BARKER.
- TENTERDEN, Old Meeting House, Ashford Rd., 6.30, Supply.
- TODMORCEN, Unitarian Church, 10.45 and 6, Rev. MAURICE JOHNSON.
- TONQUAY, Unity Ch., off Higher Terrace, 6.30, Rev. C. W. TOWNSEND.
- TROWBRIDGE, Conistoe Unitarian Ch., 3 and 6, Rev. A. F. O. THOMAS.
- WAKEFIELD, Westgate Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Mr. E. SHAW.
- WALLASEY, Memorial Church, Manor Rd., 11, Rev. EDGAR HILL, 6.30, Dr. S. J. KENNETT.
- WARRINGTON, Cairo Street, 10.30 and 6.30, Supply.
- WARWICK, High Street Church, 6.30, Rev. GORDON COOPER.
- WATFORD, Friends House, Derby Rd. (by permission), 7.30 on last Sunday in month. Sept. 25, Rev. W. H. CORNELL.
- WEST BROMWICH, Lodge Road Church, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Dr. MEYER KLEGER.
- WEST KIRBY, Brookfield Gardens, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. DAVID WILLIAMS.
- WHITBY, Flowergate Old Chapel, 6, Mr. T. B. KITTLE.
- WOLVERHAMPTON, All Souls' Church, 6.30, Rev. LESLIE KEMP.
- WOODHALL SPA, Mill Lane, 2.30, Rev. ORAS SIMPSON.
- YORK, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 6.30, Rev. G. S. WOODS.
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DAVIDSON.—On September 14, at the Commodore Hotel, Llandudno, Rev. R. W. Davidson, beloved husband of Isobel, Minister of the Presbyterian Chapel, Hindley. Cremated, Friday, September 16, at Llandican Crematorium, near West Kirby. Service conducted by Rev. L. Redfern.

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